

Topeka State Journal By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.

Subscribers of the State Journal from home during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week or thirty cents a month (by mail only). Address changed as often as desired. While out of town the State Journal will be sent to you like a daily letter from home. Advance payment is requested on these short time subscriptions, to save bookkeeping expenses.

Probably even Colonel Roosevelt doesn't look heroic when he is eating corn off the cob.

Only a woman's love, says Puck, is blind enough to mistake thirty cents for a Greek god.

No railroad considers a train wreck satisfactorily disposed of until somebody arrests the engineer.

"Anyhow," boasts Governor Foss proudly, "I am back on the front page." So is Shaw, comments the Boston Transcript.

It remains for young Mr. Thaw's sympathetic feminine friends to explain his facetious reference to "the chicken trust."

Nor need there be much worry this year over the possibility of early frosts. Few things worth killing have been left for them.

On her arrival at New York, Mrs. Pankhurst will doubtless come in for the marked attentions usually paid the undesirable alien.

And now Senator Lodge is alarmed in a tariff speech by the fall of the Roman empire. Who thought the senator was as old as that?

Canadian justice also seems to play favorites. Mr. Jerome was acquitted of the gambling charge against him, and with apologies from the court.

Excavators in the ruins of ancient cities are finding records of the high cost of living. Perhaps, soon, they will unearth a few automobile garages.

If worse comes to worst, perhaps a good many people would be gratified should President Wilson induce Elbert Hubbard to carry a message to Elbert.

According to an eminent statistician, Americans are the greatest consumers of sugar in the world. Probably it is the state legislatures that bring the total up.

Don't criticize the Michigan miners for hiding behind petticoats. Didn't the reverend forefathers send the women to the spring when Indians were around?

Why not shove the big fair season in Kansas ahead some six weeks or so? As a rainmaker, it is unexcelled. It has circus and Labor day completely backed off the boards.

"You have mortally wounded our sense of dignity," declares the Mexican prime minister. Perhaps, then, President Wilson is merely waiting for the arrival of the death certificate.

Chicagoans who think they saw fast motorcycling when one of the "nudes" did five miles on a track there in 4:33 2-5 minutes, should visit Topeka and watch some of the pop-pop enthusiasts here work out on the city streets.

Now the Japs are clamoring for a war with China. Some time in the near future the Japs will rush into a war that will settle their hash in convincing fashion. The trouble hunters always find it generally in larger proportions than they bargain for.

Now the courts are being blamed for the shortage in the natural gas supply that is certain to develop this winter. Blaming the courts seems to be a safe, if not a particularly sane way for dodging responsibilities, covering up weaknesses and shifting burdens.

Topeka has complained a lot about the annoyances and discomforts incident to the long continued spell of hot and dry weather. But they seem to have overlooked entirely the fact that they have been blessed over and above many of their neighbors by having had an adequate supply of good water at all times. Of course, they have to pay fancy prices for it, but they've had it, and that's the important thing.

THE RESULT IN MAINE.

Explanations of the defeat suffered by the Democrats and the Bull Moose in Maine's Third Congressional election have been a little slow in making their appearance. This is undoubtedly due to the difficulties in the way of framing satisfactory ones. As a matter of fact, these difficulties appear to be insurmountable. Neither the Democrats nor the Progressives have a leg to stand on. And this is more particularly true of the Progressives. The lamentable showing that they made must bring throbs of real pain to the hearts of the Bull Moose leaders.

So far as the outside world knew, from the news of the progress of the campaign that flitted over the wires, the contest was practically being confined to the Democrats and the Progressives. They got all of the notoriety. They flooded Maine's Third district with their star orators. Victor Murdock left his congressional duties to stump the district for the Bull Moose candidate. Many other valiant Moosemen helped him make the old welkin ring with denunciations of the Republican party. Even Secretary of State Bryan left his diplomatic duties and actually denied himself the opportunity to chautauqua a bit so that he could rush to Maine and put in a few good lines for the Democratic candidate and the cause. But the efforts of the Bull Moose leaders and the Democrats, large as they were, availed nothing. The Republican candidate won a most convincing victory.

And the trouncing he gave the standard bearer of the Progressives, the candidate of "the coming party," savored of a slaughter. Colonel Roosevelt received 13,326 votes in this same district at last November's election. But the best the Progressive congressional candidate could do the other day was to poll 6,487 votes. The Republican candidate received more than twice as many. And yet the dictum has gone forth that there can only be harmony between the Progressives and the Republicans provided the latter take a solemn vow to swallow the plans and propaganda of the Bull Moose leaders hook, line and sinker. In other words the tail must wag the dog.

Nor does the comparison of the recent vote in Maine with the vote in the same district in the presidential election substantiate in any way the claim that the Bull Moose party is a popular party; that it has appealed to Democrats as well as Republicans. The premise is shattered by the fact that the vote received by the Democratic congressional candidate is practically identical with the one that was given to President Wilson. To put the matter differently, the vote that Colonel Roosevelt received came entirely from Republicans who were disaffected for the time being and who followed new leaders into strange pastures. That less than half of them have stuck to the new party shows plainly its present weakness. And this condition of affairs does not prevail in Maine alone. It has cropped up wherever it has been possible to compare the political alignments of the present with those that developed last November. In New York City, for instance, the Bull Moose polled a big vote in November, but their number that has enrolled for primary purposes there with the Bull Moose party is a mere fraction of that vote. It is insignificant.

As far as the Democrats are concerned their defeat in Maine is in the nature of a hard blow. It is not the endorsement of the Democratic administration that they expected and for which they were counting on to argue that it was useless for them to argue that this congressional election was of no importance anyhow, and that its result is without significance. If that were the case, they would not have sent Mr. Bryan and other wheel horses to Maine to campaign for a victory.

KANSAS STILL IN THE RING.

Governor Hodges is doing Kansas a great service by preaching the gospel of its stability whenever and wherever he has an opportunity. In the current issue of Leslie's he has a forceful article on this subject, an excerpt from which follows:

The farmers of this state, after using all the butter, eggs, and poultry that they need for their tables, have sold twenty-three million dollars' worth in the past twelve months. This is eight million dollars more than the government paid for that vast territory comprising almost one-third of the great Louisiana Purchase.

Kansas has the greatest per capita wealth of any state in the Union—\$1,684.00 for every man, woman and child. We have two hundred and thirteen million dollars on deposit in our banks. The taxable wealth of the state is about three billion dollars, and based probably upon about seventy per cent valuation. The individually owned mortgages by Kansans in 1907 were thirteen millions of dollars; in 1913 they have increased to over sixty-seven. The municipal bonds of our great state seek no market beyond the limits of Kansas, as they are eagerly seized by home investors. The personal property assessment exceeds that of last year by over forty-five millions of dollars.

There is nothing the matter with Kansas. Our state is yet but an agricultural giant in the chrysalis. The vigor of youth is upon Kansas. In the past the gentle rains of prosperity have fallen upon us by night, and the rays of a glorious sun have nurtured us by day.

Argentina's Cattle Industry.
"It is almost impossible to conceive of the enormous growth of the stock industry of Argentina in the last quarter of a century," said Ernest Maffei, a large cattleman of Buenos Aires, at the Shoreham. "I believe if the laws of the two countries are favorable, Argentina can supply this country with a great quantity of beef, which would materially assist in reducing the

cost of meats to the consumer. Less than 40 years ago the great rich tracts of grass land in Argentina were practically unproductive. The Indians roamed the plains, and general settlement on the land was dangerous and well nigh impossible. The Indians, however, were subdued in 1878, and that date saw the inception of the estancias, or ranches, and the systematic reclamation of the land to pave the way for the magnitude of which today is stupendous. The immensity of the cattle business can be estimated from the official returns recently published, which show that last year in the Argentine there were 30,000,000 cattle, 70,000,000 sheep, and 7,000,000 horses. The cattle and horses are bred in the warmer parts of the country, to the north, where alfalfa grows, and the sheep in districts in the southern provinces.

"Some of the large ranches carry as many as 50,000 head of cattle and give for hunting grounds for many Englishmen. The 'gaucho' is one of the most picturesque as well as useful figures on these ranches, and forms the counterpart of his famous brother, the cowboy of North America. Life on a ranch is far from unpleasant, and on some of the big ranches under British control evening dress for dinner is the custom. The Argentine wool is of high grade, and a large part of it goes to supply the home markets."—Washington Post.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

A man's good intentions are generally as numerous as his faults.

Not infrequently father is dared to refuse his consent to daughter's marriage.

The difference between an apartment and a flat is to be found in the amount of the rent.

Regardless of what they predict on bended knee, few are the men who pine away and die on being refused by girls.

Many a husband is expected to do a fancy job of carpentering with a 10-cent saw, a 10-cent hammer and a 5-cent screwdriver.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Remember that the first liar stands no chance whatever, advises the Herndon Times.

If an unmarried man doesn't like his boarding house, says the Jamestown Optimist, he can move to a worse one.

There is this much to say for the accident in the prize ring, points out the Holton Signal. They never happen to the innocent bystander.

Ab Adkins remarked to the Atchison Globe the other day that if there is anything in transmigration, he is returning to the world as a chicken.

Here's guessing, says the Woodson County Advocate, that the Missouri woman who traded her husband for a prizefighter, got cheated. A good mule is worth half a dozen of the usual run of husbands.

Mrs. Silvers was having company, relates Mrs. Kelley in the Toronto Evening Telegram. Her guest, a Mr. Bill, got into the second installment of clean clothes within the week. "How do you expect a man to get anything done if he has to do up like this every week?"

The robber takes money from the bank and puts nothing in, says the Penelope News. The farmer that takes crop after crop from the soil and puts nothing back is a robber. The business farmer knows that, and must put fertility in if he wishes to get anything back. What are you doing about it?

Old Bill Shiftless is always telling the people what they should do and how they should handle their business, tells the Village Deacon in the Osborne Farmer. He wastes hours every week blowing about how the council must handle the matter of conduct affairs. He is also a great booster. But you will notice that if it wasn't for Mrs. Shiftless and her trusty assistant, old Bill and the family would start to death. But the old simpleton shoots off and shoots off and never tumbles.

GLOBE SIGHTS

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Most things are blamed on the man who was killed.

Airmen seem to have as much trouble as married men.

War is worse than drought, besides lasting longer and being more general.

It is strange what a large crop a woman can grow in a small shoe.

As a rule, people make up their minds as to the right and the wrong of a thing before they do it.

Certain forms of sport may be classified as hard work without pay.

Besides impairing digestion, a mean deal of money is paid very well.

Jude Johnson, who says he will buy spit trousers, has the same kind of a wife.

Ab Adkins says his son who worked his way through college hasn't worked any since.

As long as a few Americans insist on wearing beards no fun should be cast at the Chinaman's pig tail.

It also occurs to an old groucher that there is sufficient suffering in the world without the surprise party.

The trouble with the simp who believes in giving his tendency to fall for other forms of foolishness.

Every man knows a good deal he hopes won't be found out; give him time and he may be found out.

Occasionally a safe and sane householder shows his sense by being more afraid of a sun than he is of burglars.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
[From the Philadelphia Record.]
Some fellows never take a brace because they make too many bracers.

A millennium is a time when family jars may be used for preserving peace.

Don't ask a man to take your part if you have any idea he'll take more than that.

Luck is what enables a man to jump from the frying pan into the fire and put the fire out.

The Optimist—"All things come to those who wait." The Pessimist—"Yes, from the discard."

"Figures never lie," quoted the Wise Guy. "Sometimes they won't stand, either," added the Simple Mug.

It is just as well to remember that an automobile isn't absolutely necessary in the pursuit of happiness.

Even prominence may have its drawbacks. Many a well-known citizen is too well known for his own good.

Muggins—"There is at least one good thing about Bighedge." Bugbins—"What is that?" Muggins—"His own opinion of himself."

BY THE WAY BY HARVEY PARSONS.

From the investigation of the subject now on in California, we gather that the boxing bout with a "boxing bout" and a "prize fight" lies in the horse power behind the swats exchanged.

As usual, the pumping-off of a pug calls for a mighty sharp razor to split all the protruding hairs on the case. Since the days when stuffed mitts took the place of case-hardened knuckles in the "manly sport," a number of bruisers have kept right on going out after the count of ten, and in each case there ensued a temporary "hoo-raw" and threats to banish the squared circle. But so common is the will to give up to beans per bench for a chance to see a human animal get his map mashed, the game will go on, and minor accidents, such as sudden death, will occur at irregular intervals.

It is noticeable that, although it was a physical impossibility for Jerome to play poker by himself, he was the only one of the party who was not pinched at Coaticook. The answer, is no doubt, the Canuck authorities knew the other members of the poker party were New York newspaper men, and would therefore be unable to pay a fine.

To keep posted on "who's whose" in high society, one must read both the court and society news every day. For it has been discovered that the difference between "united" and "untied" involves the transposition of but two letters.

And when a couple of the ultra rich decide that they have contracted a typographical error, they fire it right back to a legal proof reader and have it corrected.

Very few people can enjoy doing good without brass band accompaniment. There are men who can respond to a request for a match in the next corner thinks they have just raised the mortgage on the requester's residence.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT
BY ROY K. MOULTON.

The Retort Courteous.
Said the needle to the stocking:
"I'll run you through and through."
Said the stocking to the needle:
"I'll be darned if you do."

The Diary of a Bonehead.
It has always been a wonder to me that some kind angel does not come along and hit a man in the head with an axe before he gets into a fight. I have been thinking of this a lot of late, and I am sure that I am not alone in this. I have been thinking of this a lot of late, and I am sure that I am not alone in this.

There's still time to change your mind. I have been thinking of this a lot of late, and I am sure that I am not alone in this. I have been thinking of this a lot of late, and I am sure that I am not alone in this.

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"We are very sorry," said the committee, but the banquet has been postponed indefinitely. The sale of tickets was so small that we have abandoned the scheme entirely. Some other time, perhaps, but not now.

I suggested those three men. I jabbered like an insane chimpanzee and I slopped over with exceeding great joy. The committee looked at me askance and departed suddenly. Tonight I leave for the city and I shall be able to come to talk banquet with me in the future would better bring a shotgun or he will play the star part in a heinous crime, of which I will be the perpetrator.

Hot Weather Verse.
No coats or vests or shirts were worn
In the good old days of Adam.
In the good old days of Adam,
And right good sense the folks displayed.

When in fig leaves they were arrayed,
When it was a hundred in the shade,
I wish us fat folks had 'em.

THE ONE FAULT.

There was a man
Of history and
Whose every plan
He did not lack.
He did not drink,
Nor ally wink
At strenuous folk.
He would not lie,
He could not flee,
His worth, you'd vow,
Was something strong.
And yet, somehow,
He just went wrong.
The hoped-for bliss
He'd never clutch,
His fault was this:
He talked too much.
—Washington Star.

THE EVENING STORY

Love and a Bridge.
(By E. R. Johnston.)

"But if you really love me," protested Carson, "why should a business difference between your father and me make trouble about our engagement?"

"Because father refuses to let you come to the house any more. Why announce that he's older and has had far more experience?"

"I'll see him again," and Carson kissed the mouth that was returning him. "There must be some other way out."

Old Isaac Merriam had told him of one way out in a heated argument the day before. He was the local contractor for the bridge which young Carson had designed and the erection of which he was superintending for the little town of Lindaville. Merriam had tried to sneak in some inferior materials, and Carson, discovering this, had refused to allow the substitution. Merriam had sneered at his scruples, assuring him that the council knew of the substitution, and permitted him to finish his profit by it. No stress beyond ordinary wear would be put upon the bridge—it was not used as much as the downtown bridges—and the materials Carson stipulated were unnecessary. But Carson refused to overlook the fraud, and by threatening to give publicity to the whole transaction, forced Merriam to follow his orders.

The affair with Sally Merriam had started early in the season, when Merriam, by inviting the young engineer—a stranger in town—to come frequently to his home, had hoped to put under social obligation the young man who had been so successful in his work. But when he found that he would fall in love with Sally, he perhaps foresaw—nearly every one did that. And as Carson came from an old and wealthy eastern family, Merriam was not altogether surprised when Sally returned his love. But when he could not force his business ideas upon Carson, and found him determined to ignore past kindness and future relationship, Merriam grew angry. He wanted to get rid of the young man, and he decided to let him come to the house, telling her that her lover had tricked and deceived him about the bridge.

Carson went indignantly to him. "I protest, sir, against your statement to Sally. It is not fair to tell her that I have been underhanded when I am merely insisting upon the terms of the contract. Of course, I can't point out to her that her own father has been so dishonest."

Old Merriam's face did not show the relief he felt. It had been his fear that Carson might tell his daughter just that—that he would have done so had their positions been reversed. And his shrewd old business man loved his motherless daughter even better than he loved his money, and could not bear to have her think ill of him.

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Hot Weather Verse.
No coats or vests or shirts were worn
In the good old days of Adam.
In the good old days of Adam,
And right good sense the folks displayed.

When in fig leaves they were arrayed,
When it was a hundred in the shade,
I wish us fat folks had 'em.

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ed his carrying out a plan that might have killed hundreds, would have the same result as in finding Sally and bringing her to safety.

The water was level with the floor of the bridge when Merriam told his men that they had done all they could do. He warned them to go to the other side. He stayed—stayed—it seemed to him that his fate was peculiarly linked with the bridge that had been made durable against his will. A crowd on the opposite side begged him to